OFFICIAL UNIFORM OF BEAUTY

Potentate of Microscopic South American State Wished to Make Impression on People.

For the seventeenth time in three years the microscopic South American state had undergone a change of administration, and the new potentate, President Casper the three hundred and second, had summoned an artist, and was ordering new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I want something striking," he declared—something showy, even. My people are impressed by such things. Here are some sketches I made myself. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined them carefully. They were gorgeous affairs. Green coats vied with crimson vests in brilliancy, orange-colored trousers with stripes of Cambridge blue. All the colors of the rainbow were there.

"Ah!" he said, turning the pages. "This is evidently for the navy, this for the army, this for the—this—what is this for, with the long plume on the three-cornered hat, the bright yellow dress trimmed with purple, and—"

"That," explained the president gravely, "is for the secret police!"—London Answers.

Corrected.

The friend took the visiting Bostonian to the ball game. The Bostonian didn't care for the game, but the local man had nothing else to show him.

"There, see," said the native; "the pitcher has just thrown a curved ball. Did you notice it?"

"I noticed it," replied the Bostonian. "But I wouldn't call it curved. I would call it sinusoidal."

Whereupon the native ceased to offer further information—and they left the grounds at the end of the sixth inning, the home team being hopelessly in the minority.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Real Philanthropist.

A North side lumber dealer contracted to supply a lot of lumber to a stranger. On looking it over he found it full of knotholes and told his customer about it frankly.

"You may not want this lumber," he said.

"Why not?"

"I want to be honest with you. It's full of knotholes."

The stranger only laughed.

"I'll take it," he declared. "This lumber is to go around some baseball grounds. Knotholes won't hurt matters any. I was a kid myself once."—Pittsburg Post.

He Had an Explanation.

A committee had the state senator on the carpet.

"Didn't you promise if we elected you to get our country good roads?"

"Why, certainly, gentlemen."

"Did you do it?"

"No. You see airships are getting very common now, I thought we'd better wait a few years. Maybe we won't need any roads at all then. Fine weather for corn; isn't it?"

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Mrs. Uptown—We're living in a much better neighborhood now.

Mrs. Downtown—So are we.

Mrs. Uptown—Have you moved, too?

Mrs. Downtown—No; we're still living on the street you moved away from.

A Glorious Time.

"How do you like your new job?"

"Great! I'm working in an antique furniture factory."

"What do you do?"

"Just what I've wanted to do all my life. I kick the new tables, put my feet on them, spill hot coffee and burn them with cigars and matches. I put each table through 100 years of wear in eight hours."

TEXT TAKEN TOO LITERALLY

Little Julia Was Deeply Impressed by Sunday School Lesson on Entertaining Angels.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The foregoing quotation is from chapter xiii., verse 2, Book of Hebrews, and it is introduced solely because it constitutes a vital part of this story. Julia is ten years old and she goes to Sunday school. It appears that on a recent occasion the Sunday school teacher had considerable to say about this matter of "entertaining angels unawares." Anyway, it made a deep impression with Julia.

A few days after the lesson Julia's mother left her in charge of the house for a few hours. When the mother returned she went to a particular cup in the cupboard to extract therefrom one-half dollar. In this cup is kept the family pin money, and Julia's mother knew that she had put fifty cents there before she had gone out. But the half dollar was gone. There was an expression of anxiety on Julia's face and mother scented mischief.

"Did you take that money?" asked the mother, somewhat severely.

Julia broke into tears. "I gave it to a man that came to the back door," sobbed the little girl.

"Gave it to a man!" exclaimed the mother. "What for?"

"I thought he might be God," tearfully replied Julia.—Kansas City Star.

Muffled Knocks.

"Verena, bring Uncle Elijah another napkin; he has tucked that one under his chin."

"I was only joking when I said you had been calling on the manicure, Mr. Plimmins; I can see that you haven't."

"It's awfully good of you to stay so long this evening, Mr. Spooner, suffering as you must be from those tight shoes."

"How much trouble it is to look after boys! I don't wonder, Mrs. Chucksley, that you seldom have time to wash Bobby's face."

"Clarence, dear, are you starting a beard, or have you merely forgotten to shave?"

KEPT HIS PRESENCE OF MIND.

A New York farmer visited a dentist in one of the up-state cities, to be treated for an ulcerated tooth. The dentist advised taking gas as it would only make a difference of 50 cents and spare much pain, at the same time showing his machine and explaining its workings—how he would fall asleep for a minute or two and then would awake with tooth and pain gone. At last the patient consented and took out his wallet. "Never mind paying now," said the dentist. "I wasn't thinking of paying," responded the patient, "but I thought if I was going to sleep I'd like to count my money first."

Wages No Object.

"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of the tramp who had applied at the back door for food.

"Yes, ma'am," he retorted. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house."

"That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?"

"He wanted me to get up at four in the morning, milk 17 cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work.

"What did he want to pay?"

"I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."—Youth's Companion.

Nautical Distinctions.

"How do you tell the difference between a yacht and a sailboat?" said the girl with the inquiring mind.

"By lookin' into the pantry," replied Capt. Cleet. "If she carries plenty of refreshments and seegars, she's a yacht. If it's mostly plain victuals she's a sailboat."

A Definition.

Willie—Pa, Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith and Mr. Robinson are always talking about the "H. P." of their autos. What does that mean?

Pa—In Mr. Jones' case it means "high priced," in Mr. Smith's "hit people," and in Mr. Robinson's, "half paid for."—Satire.

Progress.

"I see you devote a great deal of time explaining the exact operations of free trade and protection."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "I have explained it so much that I honestly believe I am beginning to understand it myself."

The KITCHEN CABINET

WE SOW the globe, we reap the corn,
We build the house where we may rest;
And then, at moments, suddenly,
We look up to the great wide sky,
Inquiring wherefore we were born—
For earnest or for jest?
—E. B. Browning.

DAINTY DISH FROM LITTLE BITS.

When a large amount of bread has been sliced, do not allow it to dry out, but pack in a jar and cover with a cloth wrung quite dry out of hot water, then place a plate over them and the bread will keep fresh. Sandwiches may be made and served at luncheon or supper and are always a welcome addition to the meal.

If you have a bit of boiled frosting left, add a few nuts and chopped raisins and drop on wafers. Bake in a hot oven until brown. These are nice with a salad.

Fondant left from French candies will keep indefinitely if kept in a covered dish, and may be melted over water and used for cake icings.

A few tablespoonfuls of preserves may be used as a garnish for fruit salad, like pear or apple. Or it may be used as a filling for tarts, having more than one kind to use up odd bits.

A custard or chocolate ice cream may be used as a sauce for pudding if used within a short time.

Dainty pies may be made from left-over pie crust in the form of turnovers, of which children are very fond, or baked in gem pans and made like a grown-up upie.

Take your convalescing friend a baked apple prepared thus: Wash and wipe the apple but do not peel, scoop out the core with an apple corer, beginning at the blossom end but do not make a hole way through for the small well is to hold a bit of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar and a grating of nutmeg or a bit of lemon peel. Surround with water if the apples are not juicy, and bake until thoroughly tender. Apples that do not keep their shape during baking are not so attractive baked in this manner.

Left-over icing or fondant, when making candy, the scrapings of the bowls, can be used to stuff dates.

"THERE is abundant evidence that all classes of vegetables and fruit may be held in a sound condition without the use of preservatives."
—Jordan.

SAVORY FISH.

Any fresh or salt codfish may be served in a chowder, making a very acceptable dish. If salt fish is used, soak and shred it, then add to the chowder the last few moments of its cooking. Fry a piece of salt pork cut in dice; a slice or two will be sufficient for a family of four or five. Fry a golden brown, add a sliced onion or two and a half dozen of sliced potatoes; just cover with water and cook until the vegetables are tender, then add the shredded fish (a half pound is sufficient), a quart of milk and half a dozen milk crackers which have been scalded in boiling water. Serve a cracker in each dish of soup.

Flaked Crab Meat Fricassee.—Cook one small green pepper, finely chopped, two small onions, four tablespoonfuls of butter slightly browned, one and a half cupfuls of crab meat, and cook five minutes. Add five tablespoonfuls of flour and when well mixed pour on a cup and a half of chicken stock. Season with two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, two of lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of paprika, salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add a third of a cup of heavy cream and the yolks of two eggs diluted with two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Savory Fish.—Cut a two-inch cube of fat salt pork into dice and try out. To three tablespoonfuls of salt pork fat add the same amount of flour and stir until well blended; then add a cup and a half of milk; boil and add a cup of flaked halibut or haddock, three-fourths of a cup of potato cubes which have been cooked, then the pork cubes and the yolks of two eggs. Season to taste.

Oyster Fricassee.—To a cup of oysters, reserve the liquor, and heat boiling hot; add the oysters, and when plump remove, add enough cream to make a cupful, thicken with butter and flour blended, add an egg well beaten and pour all over well buttered toast. Sprinkle with finely chopped celery.

Nellie Maxwell.

Siberian Land Threatened.

Extensive tracts of land in Siberia are threatened by the encroachment of the great Gobi desert, and a plan has now been drawn up for a series of forest ramparts to hold back the salt and drift. The only effective defense, according to the report of agronomists sent to survey the region is in tree belts at least two miles broad. It is proposed to plant one of these from Samara to the Caspian sea, while others are recommended extending in intervals of about 40 miles right up to the Chinese frontier.

WHEN HE MARRIES

Sense as Well as Sentiment Necessary.

By JEAN O. LOIZEAUX.

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Rivers scowled, tousled his blonde hair, and slammed shut the law book before him. But Jefferson went straight ahead with his panegyric of Miss Rose Wentworth's charms. Finally Rivers grew tired of it.

"Confound you, Jeff! Stop raving and get to work on that probate case! If the practice of law absorbed you as girls do, in a year you'd be too famous to live with. Can't you get into your head that I am pursuing a profession and not a problematic wife? I hate fooling, and I can't be serious until I am professionally and financially established. I want to offer a woman something more than just my sweet self!"

Jefferson stared, astonished. John Rivers was a man of few words, and outwardly of small sentiment. But he had been roused. He went on.

"Let's finish this subject for good, Jeff. No, I will not beau Miss Nannie Wiley about just to give you a chance with her guest. In fact, I hope Miss Wentworth will turn you down cold. It would be your salvation. What courting is done by this firm should be for favor with judges and juries and clients. Success comes from digging, rather than by grace of an Irish temperament and a talent for banjo-playing. Sentiment's all right, but when a man marries, he needs sense also. A practical man chooses his wife, instead of letting himself be dragged to the altar by the first pretty thing that makes eyes at him."

"Quite a tirade, old man," commented Jeff bitterly. "You wait! Your time will come." Rivers was reopening his book.

"When it does I won't maunder to you about it. Going after those depositions?" Jeff departed.

Rivers so lost himself in study that five minutes later he did not hear a slim, dark-eyed girl enter until she spoke his name. She was delicate and refined-looking and—afraid. He sprang up.

"Mr. Rivers? You're a lawyer—may I talk with you?"

He bowed her before him into the private office and closed the door.

In a half hour he was ushering his graceful client into the outer hall as if she were a princess. Youth and beauty have their spell. For all the tragedy of her pale face and plain clothes she was like the spring. He gave her a last bit of advice as he opened the door.

"Look again for the papers and report soon. We'll do all we can. Perhaps the hope will keep your mother up a bit longer. Keep up your courage. Good morning."

Jeff, just entering, grinned maliciously.

"A bad business," said his partner, ignoring the grin. "She is a Miss Annie Morrow. John Morrow of Atta was her father. He died some months ago and left things in queer shape. His widow, the girl's mother, thought there was at least $20,000 for her in the State bank here. Though very close-mouthed, he had told her he was leaving her that sum. He was much older than his wife, and there was a son by a former marriage who has never recognized his stepmother and half-sister. The father had provided amply for him in cash."

Jeff was all professional interest. "No will?"

"The girl saw him make and sign one before witnesses which she can produce. But the will can't be found. And at the bank they found only about $1,500! The bank people told her Morrow had withdrawn the rest six months before his death. His bankbook showed this. He took the money in very large bills, and there is no trace of it. The son denies all knowledge of it, and has not changed his mode of living. Now the girl says that the funeral and her mother's illness have eaten up all but about fifty dollars and she has gone to clerking at Atkinson's, at $7 a week. Her education was ornamental, and she has neither time nor money for a business course. She has to spend her spare hours with her mother."

"I don't see how law can help," remarked Jeff shortly.

"No. But Miss Morrow wants me to hunt for a hope! Her mother can't at best live long, and would go peacefully if she was sure her girl would not be left penniless. I'll do what I can. Put a detective on the half-brother's trail. Meanwhile she says they ransacked every corner of the house they left for the will. They searched every paper and box for the bills or some account of them. The old man was queer and had no lawyer, but I am interested. Get those depositions?"

After some days the detectives reported the brother's status. Far from paying extra money, he was in debt and borrowing. Annie came in, said her mother was weaker, and that neither will nor money had been found. She wished Rivers himself to come out to the three rooms they had furnished and search for himself among the dead man's effects.

One evening he went out. After that his task became almost an obsession. In the desk and papers he found only evidences of great peculiarity and a seeming order. There was nothing that helped. The furniture was fine old walnut; the mother and daughter of fine breeding—genuine, like all their possessions. He devoted himself to sustaining the invalid with hope, assuring her that so much money could neither be lost or hidden, that it would be found to have been well invested somewhere, and that when located any judge or jury would give it to the widow and daughter. He left her almost happy, clinging to his hand and begging him to come again.

This was in May, when the grass was greening on the slopes and the outdoor world began to be gay. Rivers relented towards poor Jeff, the lovelorn, and made himself useful escorting Miss Wiley. Miss Wentworth smiled on Jeff. And as for Nannie Wiley, Rivers soon began telling himself that if a man wished to marry, she was the woman to choose. She had health, dignity, beauty, social position, even a small fortune. Rivers wanted to be in love with her. Finally he made himself think that he was in love with her. She frankly preferred him to an extent that discouraged other suitors. One day walking with her on the street they met Annie Morrow in her little blue gown and simple hat. Rivers lifted his hat with an unconscious homage which Nannie Wiley instantly observed.

"Who is that pale little thing? Rather pretty, though."

"Miss Morrow, a client of mine." His very thought protected her from another woman's comment. Rather pretty! Why, she was lovely! He had a moment's pained wonder why Annie, during all his visits to her mother, held herself so aloof. She would give him a cup of tea, join courteously in the conversation, but she was his client, nothing more. She worked silently, courageously. And he more and more devoted himself to the failing invalid.

One balmy evening late in May he was dressing to go out with Miss Wiley, Jeff and Rose Wentworth, when Annie 'phoned him. Her mother was failing rapidly and wished to see him. Instantly he called up Annie Wiley, telling her that important work for a client had just come in, that keeping his engagement was impossible, that he would come out in the morning to be forgiven for having to deny himself a pleasure. She excused him prettily enough, but laughed over the phone.

"It's quite all right. Is she your pretty girl client?" He simply answered that the matter could not be postponed. Then he took the first car to the Morrow's.

The doctor and neighbors were there, and Annie met him at the door, appealing to him to exaggerate, do something to make her mother think the money would be found. This he did manfully, promising to be the girl's guardian, and see that all went well with her.

The end came suddenly. Annie was dry-eyed and white, with no word for anyone. He helped her through the funeral, but that over she went back to her work, refusing help from him further. She was going to keep the rooms to the month's end.

After that Rivers worried about her, went frequently to see her, and was so preoccupied that Nannie Wiley professed herself not greatly amused by his society. What troubled him was that Annie held to her queer, cool, impersonal attitude to him, as though he were an enemy, and not her guardian. He could not, moreover, bear to have her clerking in a store, growing paler and thinner. Together they had again searched all her father's effects, and in vain as before.

One Saturday night, on an impulse, Rivers went out and found Annie packing desperately. Her cheeks were flushed feverishly, and her eyes big and bright. He demanded explanations, standing over her.

"I'm going back to Atta, where we used to live. I can't stand this life. I may be a coward. It may be wicked, but—I'm going." She could not finish, but he suddenly knew that she was telling him she was to be married. A wave of pain swept over him, and then he knew his heart.

"Do you love him?" he asked abruptly, taking her hands.

"I have known him all my life—you have no right—"

"I have. I love you. You shall not go unless you tell me truthfully that you do not love me! You must be wild to think of marrying anyone else! You do love me, don't you? don't you?" Still she drew away from him, but tears rolled down her cheeks helplessly. He had both her hands.

Therefore he dried the tears with his handkerchief, and when her eyes smiled at him, he held her close a moment and kissed her soft hair. Unconsciously he stepped back and knocked a pile of old books to the floor with a crash. A big dictionary fell open. He stooped to pick it up, and a crisp yellow bill fluttered from the leaves. Then he shook out others, and turned to take the girl again in his arms.

"See how I kept my promise to your mother? Do you see, Annie?" But she no longer cared for the money. She rested against him and cried herself out of grief into contentment.

Sound Dramatic Sense.

Among the stories told by Arnold Bennett during his American tour was one about a young actress.

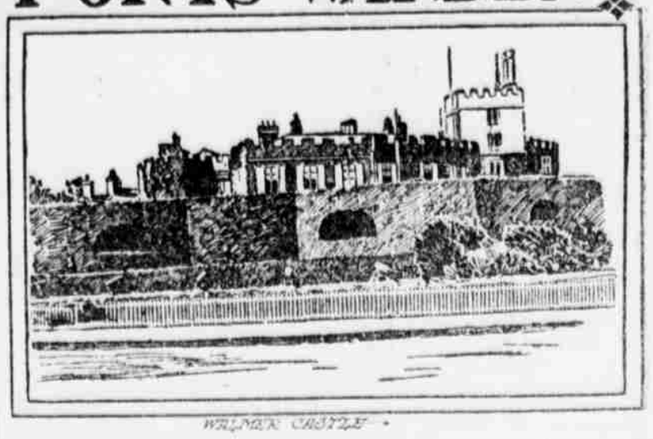
"Two men, just before her debut, were discussing this young actress's future," Mr. Bennett said. "The first man remarked thoughtfully:

"'I believe her stage career will be extraordinary. She has a most remarkable dramatic sense.'

"'Yes?' said the other man. 'And how does this dramatic sense display itself?'

"'Well,' replied the other, 'it displays itself best, perhaps, in the series of dinners at $4 a plate that she has been giving week by week to all the dramatic critics and theatrical correspondents.'"

HOME OF CINQUE PORTS WARDEN



WALMER CASTLE

WALMER CASTLE, the famous old fortress near Deal, once more is the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Since the death of Lady Curzon, whose fatal illness began at the castle in her husband's occupancy of the historic but now largely ornamental post of Lord Warden, the old place has been considered unhealthy, and when Lord Curzon resigned the wardenship and it was taken over by the present king—then Prince of Wales—Walmer ceased to be a residence and became a show place.

It has been visited every summer since by hundreds of American and other travelers, all eager to explore the picturesque stronghold whose ancient occupants had the job of defending the whole of England on their shoulders. The Duke of Wellington, greatest of Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports, died at Walmer, where his bedroom is to be seen practically just as he left it, and the long list of previous Lord Wardens includes the names of William Pitt and that of Lord North, through whose compliance with the freaks of his royal master, George II., the thirteen American colonies were lost to England.

Shorn of Powers.

When King George V. came to the throne he resigned the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, having plenty to worry him without that, and the job was passed along to Lord Brassey, the famous naval expert, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, ex-Governor of Victoria, and owner of the yacht Sunbeam, in which he has covered more than 300,000 miles. That was two years ago, and until recently His Lordship has shown no disposition to interfere with the "status quo" so far as Walmar Castle is concerned. As Lord Warden, apart from appearing at great state functions in the picturesque robes of his office, he has nothing to do except preside occasionally over the old courts of Shepway and Guestling, which have been shorn of nearly all their ancient powers, and to appoint justices of the peace within the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports. Incidentally the only return he gets for doing these things is the right to occupy Walmer Castle, so a little time back he decided to exercise it. He and Lady Brassey, who evidently is willing to risk injury to her health, went down and inspected the old castle, and as a result they have had it almost entirely refurnished and have now taken up their abode there. The castle has been closed to the public for some time past, and this season's American travelers have not been able to see the Iron Duke's bedroom nor the other historical relics of which the place is full.

No doubt Lord Brassey is just as glad that he is Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports now, instead of, say, 500 years ago. To do him justice, however, he probably would be capable of organizing if not fighting a bigger fleet than Britain could muster at that time, which things were the chief duties of the Lord Wardens or Lord Admirals, as they were called at first. "Cinque Ports," of course, means Five Ports in plain English, and in olden times it was up to the ports of Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Hythe to defend the rest of the kingdom from attack by sea. They are all situated on the southeastern coast of England, which faces France, the "traditional enemy" of Britain before the entente cordiale came into being, and even in the days of Edward the Confessor these five towns, as the watchdogs of the kingdom, enjoyed a special charter of privileges. Their history, in this capacity, covers nearly a thousand years. Here it was that the white cliffs of Albion shone bright above the waters within view of her Continental enemies, and here that Caesar, Hengist, Canute and William the Conqueror landed and a hundred less successful invaders were ignominiously driven back or destroyed.

Britain's "Wooden Walls."

It was the Norman Conqueror who, after humbling Romney to the dust for its resistance to himself, really organized the "cinque Ports." In his time there was no British navy, nor a single port capable of furnishing a harbor for a big fleet, and so the Cinque Pohts divided the responsibility of furnishing the "Wooden Walls" of England and looked after them. At the time of Edward I. they were bound to provide no less than fifty-seven ships, fully equipped and manned at their own cost, but in return the Five Ports formed a little principality by themselves, whose citizens had no taxes to pay, and whose head, afterward called the Lord Warden, was a kind of Pooh-Bah, who combined in his single person the functions of sheriff, keeper of the rolls, lord lieutenant and admiral. He also nominated the representatives of the five towns in Parliament, who, to this day, are known as the Barons of the Cinque Ports.

They were great fighters, and as good shipbuilders, were those sea-dogs of the Cinque Ports. Their ships were so strong that they really preferred to fight in a gale, and their favorite attack was to "ram" an enemy. Either the rammer or the rammed was pretty sure to go to the bottom, and if their craft was the unlucky one, they boarded the opposing vessel and threw its crew into the water. Even King John was able to lie in peace in the Isle of Wight with the merry men of the Cinque Ports guarding its shores, and when Pope Innocent sent over a Bull of Excommunication, which consigned the king's soul to a locality famous for its warmth, the men of Sandwich sallied forth in their ships, seized the vessel containing the Bull, tore the golden instrument to shreds and cast it upon the waves. In their spare time they were pirtaes. They called it "policing the seas," but the French and German towns they plundered and occasionally burned, even in times of peace, found it hard to detect the difference. More than once thier original methods of "policing" plunged their country into war, but as they themselves had to do the fighting, it didn't matter much to anybody else.

There have been big changes since those times. Even the ancient organization of the Cinque Ports has been broken up by modern legislation, and in 1835 the Lord Warden's jurisdiction over the law courts and other civil machinery was done away with. The number of the Cinque Port barons has been reduced from sixteen to three. Little, in fact, but old Walmer Castle itself remains to recall the glorious past of the Five Ports.

The castle was built by Henry VIII., the much-married. He intended it only for a fort, the first of a series which were to defend the coast line from Sandwich to Dover, but in time it became the official headquarters of the Lord Wardens. Many royalties were wardens of the Cinque Ports, among them Prince George of Denmark, the illustrious consort of Queen Anne.

Birds That Flirt.

Henry Oldys, formerly of the United States Biological survey, in the course of a recent lecture at the University of Chicago, said that birds were possessed of an aesthetic sense similar to that of human beings. "Birds dance in the air, do 'Highland flings,' and the more sedate evolutions with the most perfect rhythm," said Mr. Oldys. "They sing a 'bird ragtime,' and at other times snatches of song which greatly resemble our grand opera. There is a blackbird that has a song almost like a Wagnerian opera; the robin is best in so-called popular songs; while the wood thrush sings a song of four distinct verses. Like the human being, birds flirt and are filled with vanity. In this capacity they use their plumage with great effect. In the Congo there is a male bird that struts before its mate, and peeps under its wing to see if she is looking at him." The speaker concluded with the statement that birds sometimes copy from man, and that man could learn a great deal by copying from the bird.

Plan Hygiene Exposition.

The Australian Natives' association is making plans for a hygiene exposition, to take place at Melbourne next year, fashioned after the one which took place at Dresden. Among the subjects to which special attention is to be given are: Ventilation, the fly carrier of disease, the mosquito plague, and diseases of the tropics. In the department of clothing, space will be given to exhibits showing the harmful effects of corsets and the evolution of clothing. One of the largest departments will contain models of scietifically constructed homes.

Honest but Shrewd.

"You are an honest boy," said the woman as she opened the roll of five $1 bills, "but the money I lost was a $5 bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yessim," replied the boy. "It was a $5 bill that I found, but I had it changed so that you could pay me a reward."